

CORY'S TIMELY CARTOON.
FOR SHAME!

There, little girl, don't cry! New York City can't afford to send you to school.

HINTS FOR BUSY HOUSEWIVES.

Domestic Advice by
Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

Delicious Lobster à la Newburg.

Kindly let me know a good recipe for lobster à la Newburg. LILLIAN S. ROCK

Take all the meat from the shells of two freshly boiled lobsters and cut into one inch pieces; place in a saucepan over a hot range together with an ounce of fresh butter, season with a pinch of salt and a half teaspoonful of red pepper, two medium sized truffles cut into dice-shaped pieces and after cooking five minutes add a wine-glass of Madeira wine; reduce one half, say about three or four minutes, then give in readiness three egg yolks in a bowl with half a pint of sweet cream and beat well together, adding this to the lobster; gently stir for two minutes together until it becomes thick, pour into a hot tureen and serve. Add a little more Madeira.

A Laudable Ambition.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I started housekeeping six months ago and the greatest ambition of my life is to know how to starch and iron my husband's shirts and collars.

I was never taught domestic work. Kindly favor me with a recipe for making starch.

M. H.

YOUR ambition is a laudable one and you deserve to succeed.

To starch and iron shirts—take three tablespoonfuls of fine starch allow a quart of water. Make the starch smooth by wetting with a little cold water in a tin pan, put into it a little pinch of salt and a piece of shirt polish the size of a bean, or a small piece of butter, about the size of a cranberry; pour over this a quart of boiling water, stirring rapidly, and placing it over the fire. Cook it until clear and place in another pan of warm water to keep it warm.

Turn the shirt and dip the bosom in the hot starch as hot as you can bear your hands. Rub the starch evenly through the linen and wring it out as

dry as possible. Then take the collar and wring it and dip them in the same way and hang out to dry. Three hours before ironing them wet the bosoms and cuffs in cold water, wring out, shake and fold, roll up tightly, wrap in a towel and let them remain two or three hours.

The back of the shirt should be ironed first; by doubling it lengthwise through the centre, the wringings may be ironed next and both sides of the sleeves and then the collar band.

Now place the bosom over a bosom-board, and with a fresh, clean napkin, which has been dampened a little, rub the bosom from the top toward the bottom, smoothing each plait nicely. Then with a smooth, moderately hot flatiron begin ironing from the top downward until the bosom becomes smooth, dry and glossy.

Remove the bosom-board, fold both sides of the shirt toward the centre of the back, fold together below the bosom and hang out to air.

NEW YORK TYPES.

FOR HOME
DRESSMAKERS.The Evening World's Daily
Fashion Hint.

To cut this child's dress for a girl of four years of age, 2 1/2 yards of material 21 inches wide, 2 3/4 yards 32 inches wide, or 2 1/4 yards 44 inches wide will be required, with 1 1/4 yard of all-over tucking for yoke; or 1 3/8 yards of plain material 32 inches wide, 2 1/4



of bounding 13 inches wide for 1 1/4 yards of embroidered frills, all-over tucking and 2 1/4 yards of plain material 32 inches wide, 2 1/4 yards 32 inches wide, 2 3/4 yards 32 inches wide, 2 1/4 yards 44 inches wide will be required, with 1 1/4 yard of all-over tucking for yoke; or 1 3/8 yards of plain material 32 inches wide, 2 1/4

The World.

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Published by the Press Publishing Company, 15 to 17 PARK ROW, New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.REWARDING THE "HEROES" OF THE
"ENDED" WAR ON THE REPUBLICS.

The "triumph" in South Africa, to which Lord Salisbury has referred with "exultation" as "showing the strength of the empire," which was never more conclusively shown, has left to Britain the pleasing task of rewarding her heroes, of wreathing with laurels and decking with ribbons the victorious leaders.

Here is a list of them, their victories and the honors they have won: WHITE—Ordered blundering and fatal sortie of Nicholson's Nek, Oct. 30, 1899; 570 prisoners taken; besieged in Ladysmith until relieved; lionized in London; decorated by Queen Victoria in person.

METHUEN—After wasting his splendid army in several frontal attacks, was checked at Spryfontein, Dec. 11, 1899; the Highland Brigade sacrificed and Gen. Wauchope killed; kept in command and rewarded with an honorary title.

BULLER—"Ferryman of the Tugela," beaten at Colenso, Dec. 15, 1899; checked again and again with heavy loss; failed utterly to relieve Ladysmith until Roberts created a diversion; censured by Roberts; afterward rewarded with a "grand cross," now popularly regarded as a "real old British bulldog after all."

WARREN—Leader of the storming party which took Spion Kop with heavy loss and was forced to withdraw, Jan. 23-25, 1900; censured by Roberts; appointed administrator of Bechuanaland.

BADEN-POWELL—Successful in easy defense of Mafeking and compared to heroes of Thermopylae; made a Commander of the Bath.

FRENCH—Dashing cavalry leader, deficient in strategy; the plaything of De Wet and Delarey; just scored total failure in the campaign in the north; decorated and made full General.

ROBERTS—"Ended the war" by a march in overwhelming force upon Pretoria; fighting has since continued at a cost of men and money greater than all that went before, but he has received his reward—an earldom, the Order of the Garter, a separate appointment for his daughter and the post of Commander-in-Chief.

MILNER—Purged the war and is now fighting against any conciliation; has earned for the British the undying hate of the Dutch, who outnumber them four to one in all South Africa; greeted in London with unusual honors; made Lord Milner of Cape Town.

"All over but the shouting" is the usual phrase. Here this must be modified to "Nothing over but the shouting." For the "ended" war is now costing Britain more than at any previous time, and the monthly average of casualties is slightly higher than it was a year ago.

"MUCH VIRTUE IN 'IF.'"

Mrs. Eddy is quoted as saying that "if the science of life were understood, the human limb could be replaced as readily as the lobster's claw."

That is to say, men who lose their arms or legs by amputation, in war, or by any of the thousand and one accidents that happen to them in peaceful occupation, could readily grow new ones—"if the science of life were understood."

Hundreds of millions paid in pensions to maimed veterans might be saved, and "lists of wounded" from the battle-field would be robbed of their terrors—"if the science of life were understood." The railroad and trolley companies, instead of having to pay damages that aggregate millions annually to persons who sue them for lost feet, missing hands and other curtailments of their bodies, could promptly give them new limbs for old, and save their money—"if the science of life were understood."

There is "much virtue in 'if,'" and Mrs. Eddy's intimation that "proud man" can only acquire equality with the lobster in this matter "if," &c., indicates that her inspirational utterances are tempered with caution.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE SAIL.

Thirty years ago it was said that steam would drive sailing craft off the sea—that the sound of rattling blocks at dawn, the glint of white sails afar off, were passing forever.

An untrue prophecy, fortunately. American ingenuity has saved the sail.

The old square-rigged craft—ships, brigs, barks and their cousins—could only be made bigger by increasing the size of their sails; and the bigger the sail the thicker and heavier it must be, the more it costs, the more men it takes to handle it.

So Yankee builders began to cheat steam of complete victory by developing the schooner. Instead of making taller masts and heavier sails, they laid longer keels and stepped more masts, three, four, five, six in a row; and now a whole fleet of seven-masted will be built.

And a marine wonder the seven-masted schooner will be—11,600 tons displacement, 6,000 tons burden, or more than that of any except the biggest freight steamships; hollow steel masts, steel plates and rigging, electric lights, and every stroke of heavy work done by steam!

Beaten by steam? says the sailor man. "Not at all! I use it to trim my sheets and hoist halyards."

A crew of fifteen or eighteen men all told can handle this enormous schooner, and carry freight cheaper than any steamship afloat. As long as there are Yankees in Maine never fear that the white sail will fail the sea that loves it.

A PURPOSELESS MAN

By D. A. CHAUNCEY.

"O, I cannot marry you, Dudley," said Dorothy Strong, with determination. "I simply cannot endure a purposeless person, most of all a purposeless man."

"Is your decision final?" asked Dudley Merrick.

"It is," she replied.

"Well, perhaps it is as well so," said he as he rose gracefully. "I hope there will be no strained relations on account of this episode."

"No," she replied, with a tinge of irony. "No strained relations. I trust you will not commit suicide or become a monk."

"No," he rejoined quietly. "I shall continue to enjoy all the comforts a first-class club can afford and take my gymnastic exercises daily, with a few

luxuries such as horses and theatres to round out the time. And I trust you will find the hero you dream of."

Then he bowed himself gracefully out.

It was a beautiful fire. The six-story building burned like a tinder-box. By the time the firemen arrived the third, fourth and fifth stories were furnaces.

Among the crowd of people drawn by the irresistible magnet of clanging bells and leaping flames were Dorothy Strong and her sister, who lived but a few blocks distant.

Suddenly, above the shouting of the firemen and the roar of the flames rose a piercing cry and out from the crowd, past the fire lines, ran a woman with wildly staring eyes, hatless and disheveled and uttering shriek after shriek. There in a sixth story window stood a little lot of four or five years.

"It is Heede. It is my child," cried the woman. "I thought she was out. She started with the rest; she must have gone back. Save her, save her!"

Up went the ladder, and up the men until they reached the flames, when all stopped but the first one, who went on into the fiery furnace. Instantly he dropped and was caught by those below him on the ladder.

At this moment a tall, athletic young fellow broke from the throng and dashed rapidly past the firemen, caught up a coil of small rope lying near the ladder truck and plunged into a building adjoining the burning structure. A few moments later he appeared on the roof. He stripped off his coat and vest, placed the coil of rope over one shoulder, walked to the edge of the building which was across a twelve-foot alley from the burning structure and

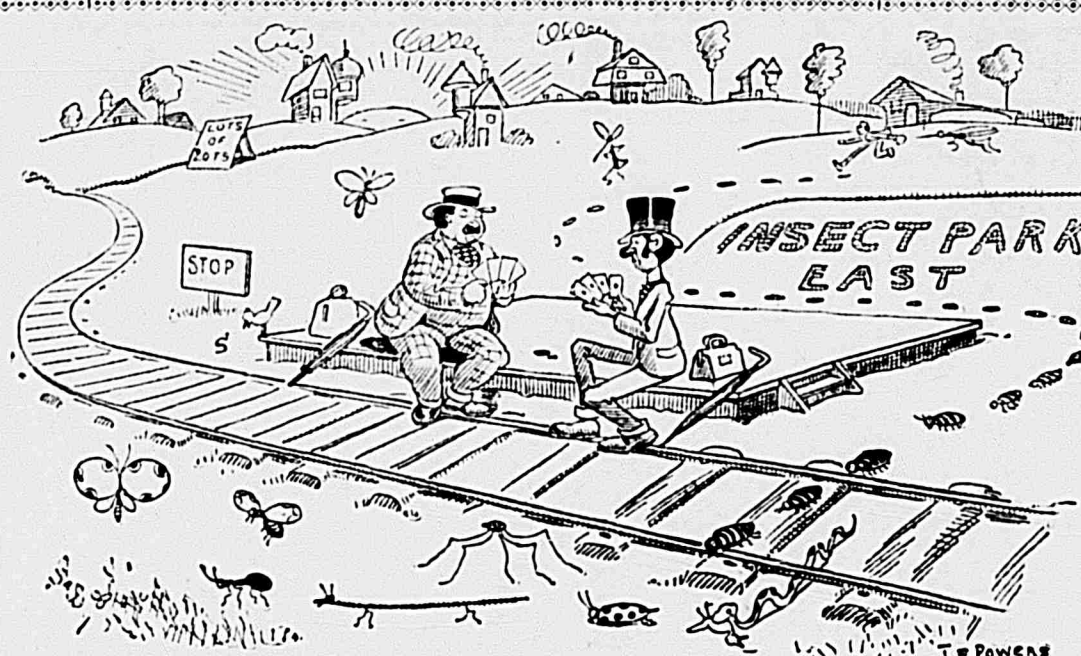
carefully measured the distance with his eye. Already the flames were licking the roof on which he stood. He turned and ran rapidly back some twenty feet and turned again. The crowd saw his intention and a great shout went up.

Dudley Merrick, for it was he, ran to the edge of the building and made a powerful leap across the blazing furnace. The crowd gave a gasp.

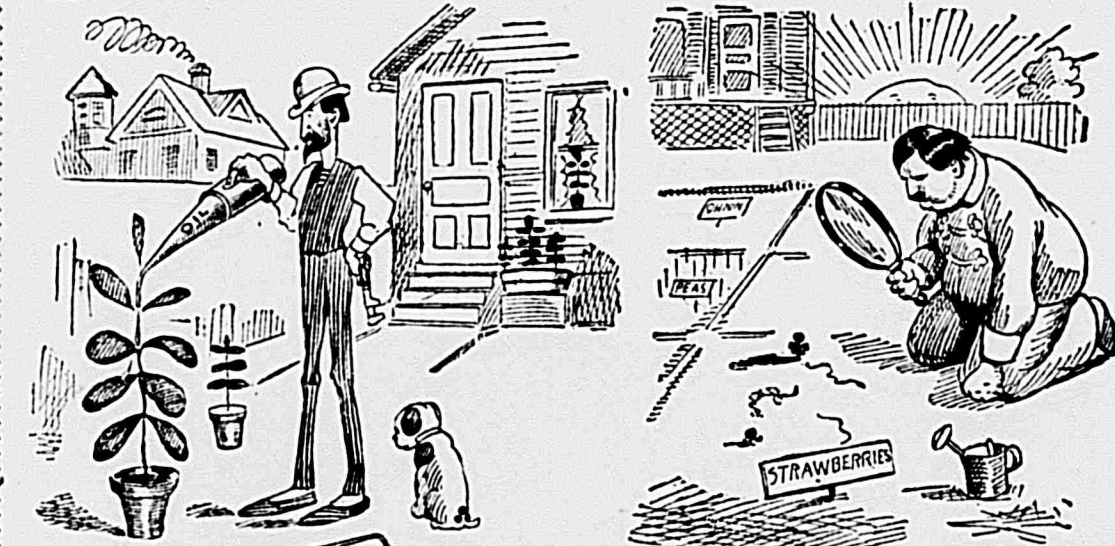
A coil of heavy rope was brought and the firemen grasped the net and all waited for a blast of wind. Merrick had tied the small rope about the little girl's shoulders and stood watching as alert as a tiger. At last it came, the puff of wind, and the flames were blown back from the corner. Quick as thought he dropped the child over the edge of the roof despite her screams, and paid out the rope with desperate rapidity. An

A LONG THE ROAD TO GOTHAM.

By T. E. POWERS.



Commuters from lovely Lonesomehurst-by-the-Wallabout, or Pompton, N. J., can enliven the long, dreary ride to the office by watching the pretty scenes from suburban life that speckle the landscape along the car line. Mingled with signs of "Why Pay Rent?" "Own Your Own Swamp," one may often see two fellow-commuters beguiling the three-hour wait between trolley-cars by winning as much as 30 cents from each other at poker on the station platform of Insect Park East.



Or good Deacon Eastmeyer may be observed employing the hour before he is due at the bargain counter in oiling the rubber plant and screwing the leaves on tighter with a monkey wrench. (Note—In oiling rubber plants always begin at the top.)

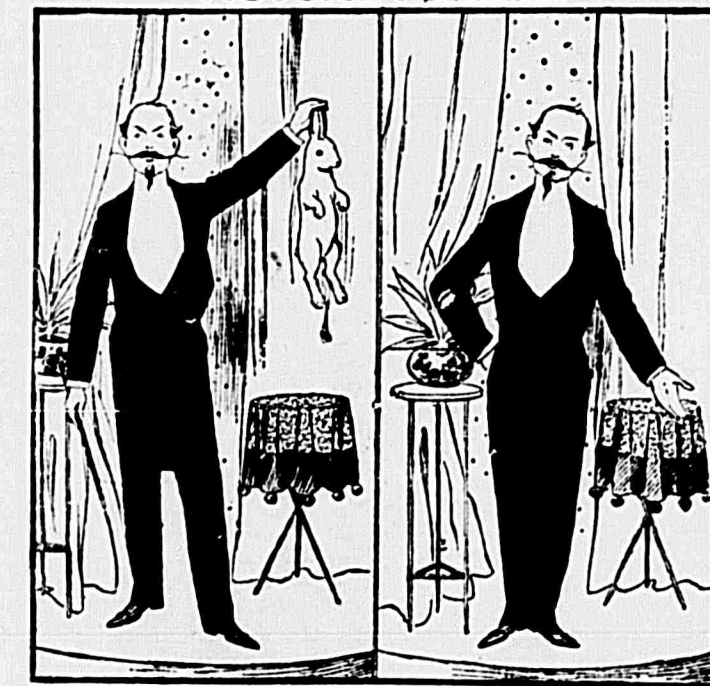
Or the pajama-clad Poundmaster of Pompton, N. J. (who is floor-walker at Stacy's), may be noticed utilizing the first rays of the morning sun in peering through his little boy's most powerful magnifying glass to see how his garden has progressed during the night.



And Mr. Villaste, of Parkville, L. I., whose turn it is to amuse baby throughout the night watches, attaches that portable Wagnerian opera to his trusty moving machine and by the light of the waning moon (eeked out by the station master's lantern) moves the fresh young grass on his new-made lawn. As it cost him \$7.50 per grass blade to raise that same lawn, the grass is carefully collected and locked in the safe every morning.

The summons for breakfast finds Col. Carchaser in the genial employment of planting a sturdy oak three inches high, under whose umbrageous shadow, so fondly hopes his twelve children may some day disport themselves.

PICTURE PUZZLE.



The Professor, after showing the rabbit, makes it disappear. Can you find it?

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

They Make Fun of Him.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I desire to ask a remedy to prevent any ill-omen connected with being followed by cats? This has been the experience of a friend of mine and of myself at four different times. Twice the cats have been black, once gray, and another time tortoiseshell.

SUPERSTITIOUS.

Is It Unlucky?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will readers kindly inform me if there is any ill-omen connected with being followed by cats? This has been the experience of a friend of mine and of myself at four different times. Twice the cats have been black, once gray, and another time tortoiseshell.

SUPERSTITIOUS.

The Tunnel Strike.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

So at last the strike question has hit our famous subway! It only needed some such thing as that to show the community at large the stringent necessity of the proposed Federal laws regulating the relationship between employer and employee. Until such laws are framed and enforced we may look for ceaseless strikes, with a good bit of bloodshed on the side.

A. G. ELWOOD.

England and Carnegie.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

An English paper scores Carnegie's gift to Scotland and calls him "an American ironmonger." Now England or any other country should be very grateful for such generosity. If it is an "American ironmonger" who gives it, let them not despise him; but rather remember it was an American printer who first chained electricity; an American attorney who did most to cause the Revolution, and an American farmer who conquered England's armies.

ANGLOPHOBES.

The Forgiving of Willie.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

So W. W. Astor has once more been restored to royal favor! And we (ungrateful nation that we are) never rang a single bell or fired a salute. What is this nation coming to when her ex-citizens' honors are thus disregarded? Three cheers for the forgiving of Willie!

PATRON.